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THE AUTHORS OF CALAMITIES.

THE poverty of authors and men of learning has been a theme of all ages since literature and learning had an existence, and a general reason for such poverty is very obvious in the fact, that authors and men of learning seldom address themselves to any of the recognised means of money-making, but indulge in a toil or recreation—call it what you will—which gratifies taste and caprice in the first place, and only *may* be productive of more solid benefits in certain not very common circumstances. There are now-a-days, however, literary men who, by writing for the periodical press, and in other definite ways, realise considerable gains, though generally perhaps at the sacrifice of their more cherished predilections. A small number, by unusually successful authorship, are in the tolerably regular receipt of incomes which might cope with some of the best in the professions, barring only a few of the highest. Still, there is a general sense of the wretched nature of a purely literary life: instances of the misery of literary men even of considerable fame occasionally come before us; and the literary class itself is dissatisfied with its social position, and irritated at the precariousness, as well as meagreness, of its means of subsistence.

Mr Howitt, in his 'Homes and Haunts of the Poets,' launches forth some complaints on this subject, and alleges that authors are at this day regarded by publishers exactly as they were in the days of Grub Street—poor, helpless, and intractable. He then quotes an anecdote which appeared a year or two ago in this Journal, to the effect that a London publisher expressed an inclination to give credit to a retail bookseller whom he supposed to be prospering, when, being informed that the man was an author—'Oh, that alters the question entirely. Open an account!—certainly not, certainly not!' To which a similar lively illustration is added:—

'The publisher of a celebrated review and myself were conversing on literary matters, when a very popular author was announced, who begged a word with the publisher, and they retired together. Presently the publisher came back.

'Publisher. We were talking of the relative merits of authors and publishers just now.

'Myself. Yes.

'Pub. Well, you authors regard yourselves as the salt of the earth. It is you who are the great men of the world: you move society, and propel civilisation; we publishers are but good pudding-eaters, and pay-masters to you.

'M. True enough; but *you* think that you are the master manufacturers, and *we* authors the poor devil artisans, who really have no right to more than artisan wages.

'Pub. Ay, if you will take them as wages, and often before they are earned. Grant that you are the salt of the earth; methinks the salt has wonderfully lost its savour when it has to come with a manuscript in one hand, and holds out the other for the instant pay, or the kettle cannot boil. See; there, now, is a man just gone that will be a name five hundred years hence; yet what does he come to me for? For a sovereign! I tell you candidly, that if no hero can be a hero to his *valet de chambre*, neither can an author be a hero to his publisher, when he comes in *forma pauperis* every day before him. For the life of me, I cannot maintain an admiration of a man when, like a rat, he is always nibbling at my purse-strings, and especially when I know—and what publisher does not know it?—that, give the coin before the work is done, and it never is done. I content myself with things as I find them, and I leave all homage to the reader.'

We can vouch for the truth of Mr Howitt's general statements on this subject, for we have heard many London publishers speak of the literary class as in great part deficient in honourable principle respecting money and the fulfilment of engagements. It is, in fact, extremely painful to hear the report of these tradesmen respecting the men of talent whom they have occasion to employ. They describe the more prosperous as crotchety and unreasonable; the poorer as unscrupulous in taking advances, and careless in discharging their obligations. Some who realise large sums by labours which appear by no means severe, not only squander these without any regard for the necessities of the future, but contrive, besides, to be deeply in debt to their booksellers and others; so that a sudden failure of health, or of the power of pleasing the public, would precipitate them at once into poverty; in which case it would, as usual, be taken for granted that they only experienced the evil fortune of a miserable profession, when the fact is, that they had been fortunate far beyond the same degree of desert in any other walk of life, but had misused the best gifts of Providence. Inspired by a feeling like that of the Arabs, who believe that it will be long before they can make up to themselves for the disinheritation of their ancestor Ishmael, some authors seem to consider the booksellers as 'fair game.' There can be no harm in pillaging men who, as a class, are the usurpers of literary rights and literary gains. To take, therefore, a sum from one bookseller towards the copy-money of a book, and, after all, hand over the manuscript to a second for an additional sum, or even to a *third*, after having taken sums in advance from *two*, is not unknown in practice. When men whom one would rather expect to be models of honourable feeling are depraved to this extent, there must be something strangely unsound in their situation, for to no other cause can it be attributed.

Mr Howitt's proposed remedy is, combination on the part of the authors—combination for funds to succour distressed members of their corps, 'for the support of every author's interest, and the defence of every author's right!' We are sorry that we most thoroughly believe combination for any purpose impracticable amongst literary men. Irritability of temper and mutual jealousy are the causes of this doom. But even though they could associate, we cannot see what association would do for them, supposing that they remain in other respects the same. It seems to us purely visionary to expect that the literary class will acquire the strength or dignity which Mr Howitt desires for it, otherwise than by an increase of integrity and prudence in the individuals of which the literary class is composed.

It may be possible, however, to show improved arrangements respecting literary labours and rewards, which would greatly ameliorate the worldly circumstances of authors, and prove favourable to that morality on which the elevation of the class must, we think, depend. It is not the first time that we have endeavoured to show that literary men, in being the employés of tradesmen, are in a wholly false position. The relation should be exactly the reverse; that is to say, men pursuing an active literary career should be the masters and employers, the tradesmen being subordinate to them, or, at the most, associated in a copartnership. Authors should, in short, use means to take rank as capitalists, and write for the realisation of publishing schemes in which they have a mercantile interest. Talk not of difficulties in acquiring capital, when these are overcome by men of every class and grade every day. So that there be saving, there will soon be capital. Let literary men condescend, if it be a condescension, to this law of political economy, and their rise to the rank of capitalists is certain. In many instances where there happened to be harmony of character and pursuit, literary *firms* might be established for the carrying out of the larger class of designs. So far, in peculiar circumstances, the present system might occasionally be departed from. Or one literary man of mature years might be the employer of a corps of younger ones. But the leading idea is—let the author be the ruler of his own labours, and the reaper of their proper rewards. By this plan there would be the further advantage, that literary schemes would be more heartily and justly worked out than at present. The bookseller, as is well known, is often baffled in his efforts to get a plan realised, by reason of the difficulty which one mind experiences in entering into the views of another. Where an author works upon his own plan, he of course works with a clearer perception of what he ought to do, and also with a stronger interest in his subject.

But 'the plan is visionary—it could never be reduced to practice!' This is not quite true. Several literary men are actually realising it to a very considerable extent, and are, we believe, feeling the benefits of it. We have ourselves acted upon this plan for many years, and not only found it easily practicable, but the only possible arrangement under which, to all appearance, the same labours could have been conducted. The gist of the matter is, that literary men ought to become men of the world in a greater degree than they are, if they would wish to keep abreast of men of the world. Of course, the plan now sketched is only applicable to men who seek a regular livelihood, and the means of rising in society, by the industrious use of their pen. Such are the writers of books primarily designed merely for

the gratification of the reading public; such are the writers and editors of periodical works, and those who devote themselves to compilations of all kinds; nineteenth, it is probable, of the whole literary class. These men are precisely in the situation of thousands of able and well-educated persons who have to give their days to the drudgeries of medicine or the technicalities of the law. They should contemplate themselves as strictly members of the great legion of the unendowed, who have nothing to depend upon but intellect judiciously and industriously exercised. It is, accordingly, no more than right and proper that these men should seek, by all honourable means, to improve their worldly circumstances, exactly as the members of other professions are doing. Nor can it be derogatory to any real dignity which belongs to their functions, that they should submit to all the prudent restrictions which beset other men in the like circumstances. If they were to see their real position in a true light, they would be under no danger of neglecting these maxims; they would resist the vanity which has before now caused an author with his first spare hundred pounds to set up a carriage; and they would put down the promptings of the worse imp which would persuade them that they are privileged by the use of a goose quill to every ridiculous foible, and not a few of the petty vices.

There is a smaller class of literary men who seek to produce works of a higher order, with but a small chance of being remunerated for their trouble. Such are the poets, the writers of laborious historical works, and the authors of speculative treatises. The productions of this class immensely exceed all others in value, yet they are not on that account sure to produce an adequate reward. Such is the unavoidable effect of the mercantile principle to which literature is left in the present stage of society, that the veriest toy of the brain, which it has only taken a clever man a fortnight to produce, may realise for its author a thousand pounds, or even more—such things are!—while an emanation of true genius, never to be allowed to die, or an elimination of truth which is to help on the regeneration of our race, will not pay the expenses of putting it through the press. One cannot but view with deep regret and sympathy the narrow circumstances to which authors of this kind are subject. But while society proceeds upon a commercial mercantile principle, it is not easy to see how such men, who have no patrimony to sustain them, are to be otherwise than poor, if they give themselves to labours which notoriously produce no solid rewards. Authorship of such a kind, in such circumstances, should be looked upon as a voluntary sacrifice of immediate and gross benefits, for the sake of something more spiritual and more highly esteemed. A counsellor who, instead of taking briefs, spent his nights and days in efforts to reform the laws, would be in a precisely analogous situation, and his poverty would be no marvel. Now, there is hardly one of the former and larger class of literary men who does not aspire to labours of a higher kind than those to which he devotes himself. He wishes, but the necessity of bread forbids. And thus his whole literary life consists of exertions which are not according to the *first intention* of his mind, but which he must reconcile himself to as unavoidable in his situation. Here, however, we have an evil no greater than what falls to the lot of nearly all professional men. We all have an inner life of the mind in which we would spend our whole time, if it were not that the outer life calls us in some other direction. Perhaps few enjoy the good fortune of the literary man,

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in having daily labours so near akin to those on which they would spend themselves. These take him into the society of the intellectual—they allow him converse with books—they place him in circumstances from which he may in the easiest possible manner ascend to the exertions in which he would be engaged. And it occurs to us forcibly that the very hope of being able in time to produce some work of an important character, ought to be a powerful inducement to the slave of the press to be diligent in his calling and prudent in his living, that he may the sooner emancipate himself from the toil which only gives a pecuniary reward. How much nobler to husband resources for this purpose, than to launch into the vanities of the world, and sell the whole soul for a wretched competition with the Common Rich!

While much is said of the calamities of authors, we never hear of the calamities of booksellers—of which class it is always assumed that they are not merely well off, but wallowing in wealth. Yet publishers, in the mass, are by no means an extravagantly successful class of men. Some acquire wealth, which is the case in all professions; but many fail miserably in their undertakings, and some of the greatest have died without a sovereign. It is a sad consideration that Archibald Constable, who had a truly generous feeling for authors, paid only half-a-crown in the pound. View the history of the late edition of the 'Encyclopedia Britannica'—a really creditable undertaking, carried on and finished in a most conscientious manner towards the public, yet leaving its proprietors at the present moment £19,000 minus! Sometimes we hear of a bookseller making what is called a hit. He gives one hundred pounds for a manuscript, and gains six or seven times his own money. Then there is sure to be a dreadful outcry about the poor author, as if he were a robbed man; the public never reflecting, that for one fortunate venture, the bookseller makes three or four by which he loses, and that he did not buy the article below its ascertained value, but speculated upon a contingency. We also lay out of account the many losses which publishers undergo by their advances to authors. There is a kind of *Arabian* feeling in the latter gentlemen with respect to 'the trade,' as if it were only justice to leave them losers. For instance, Goldsmith owes £111 to his publisher, Mr John Newbery, who had taken a kindly charge of his affairs, even to paying his landlady her weekly rent. Goldsmith is in difficulties for a sum, and his friend Johnson takes the manuscript of his 'Vicar of Wakefield' to be sold, but not to John Newbery—for 'with him,' in Mr Howitt's words, 'it would have gone to reduce the standing claim'—no, but to Francis Newbery, a nephew, and probably rival of John, who gives sixty pounds. This transaction is an example of the manner in which booksellers are treated at this day, even by men to whom they have behaved with the highest degree of generosity. Can we doubt that such treatment tends to the injury of booksellers, and helps to make them regard authors in the manner in which they were regarded by the person adverted to at the beginning of this paper?

To conclude. We would again earnestly commend to the attention of literary men the views which have been here unfolded regarding improved arrangements for the publication of their writings. Let them be no longer children, content with the first gewgaw offered them, but steady, earnest, and honourable men of the world. It is, meanwhile, possible, under the present arrangements, for a man of literary talent to realise a subsistence by his pen, and even, by its means alone, to raise himself in the social scale. For this, however, steady industry and unfailing fidelity are necessary. It were obviously the greatest folly to suppose that booksellers are to encourage men of a different character, or that society is to receive them with cordiality. The first lesson, therefore, to be learned by an aspirant for literary honours is—to be a good citizen. Where

this rule is observed, a fair share of literary merit is the undoubted passport to most of those worldly advantages which the generality of men are in search of: where it is disregarded, intellectual merit, of whatever degree, must go very much for nothing.

THE PATRONESS.

A TALE.

ON one of those densely foggy evenings so well known to the inhabitants of our great metropolis, when all who have comfortable parlours or drawing-rooms will shut out the unpleasant scene the windows present by closely drawing the curtains, and ringing for candles earlier than the wonted hour—when the link-boys tender the welcome auxiliary of light to the foot-passenger who can afford a trifling recompense, and none will venture out of doors who have not some very pressing call—on such an evening in the winter of 1835, a young and delicate pedestrian might have been seen threading the maze formed by the narrow streets of Whitechapel, without companion or protector, and almost sinking under the weight of a cumbersome parcel, which bore the appearance of needlework, from one of the warehouses with which that neighbourhood abounds. Her hurried and terrified manner attracted no attention, each individual being intent upon reaching his own fire-side; and the darkness was so intense, that it shielded her from the observation of the rude passer-by, who otherwise would have frequently stared beneath her coarse straw-bonnet to gaze upon a face of uncommon beauty. She stopped ever and anon to relieve herself for a few moments from her heavy burden, by resting it on a doorstep; and paused at every turn, passing her ungloved hand over her fair brow, as if recalling to remembrance the spot on which she stood. Her apprehensions lest she had mistaken her way, redoubled when she found herself in a place of which she had no recollection; and in a state of great excitement and alarm she now ventured to enter a chandler's shop, that she might make inquiries for the street in which her home was situated. Such a question from one on whom poverty has set its unmistakeable seal, is not always answered with civility, especially when it calls the shopkeeper, on a cold evening, from the snug parlour and blazing fire. Ruth Annesley, however, met with a courteous reply from the kind-hearted widow to whom her agitated appeal was addressed. She cheerfully set about a minute and somewhat lengthy explanation; but to the terrified and almost bewildered girl the frequent repetition of 'third turning to the right, second to the left,' &c. was like the jargon of an unknown tongue.

'You are a stranger in London?' the widow observed, looking compassionately upon her. Ruth replied in the affirmative, adding that she lived with an aged relative, who was anxiously awaiting her return.

'Well, don't be frightened, my poor girl,' she kindly rejoined; 'I'll promise you that you shall be at your own door in less than a quarter of an hour, if you don't mind trusting yourself to the care of my son. He is as steady and as good a lad as ever mother was blessed with,' she pursued, perceiving that her auditor started a little at the proposition, 'so you need not be a bit afraid to put yourself under his protection; and he knows the way so well, that he could go blindfold, having trodden it every day, Sundays excepted, for the last seven years. Then he will carry your load for you, for you seem well-nigh tired,' she feelingly added, and she lifted a stool from the other side of the counter as she spoke.

'You are very good ma'am,' was all Ruth could reply, as she sunk exhausted into the offered seat. The benevolent widow now hurried into her little parlour, in which the young man alluded to was sitting, too much absorbed by the perusal of a book to hear what had been passing between his parent and her fair companion. But no sooner was the communication made, than he started upon his feet, and taking his hat from its

accustomed peg, hastened to perform the part of a knight-errant to the distressed maiden. His precipitation was, however, checked by his good mother, who suggested that, on such a damp evening, a greatcoat was necessary, tenderly adding, that as he had suffered severely from a cold last winter, it would be well for him to wear her woollen shawl for a cravat. Andrew Crawford submitted to these precautions with something like impatience, but actually blushed for his appearance on beholding the slightly-clad figure of the frail delicate girl whom he was about to escort, and without uttering a word, he tore the shawl from his throat and wrapped it around her shoulders. Struck by this unlooked-for kindness, as well as by his frank and open countenance, Ruth now unhesitatingly yielded her burden and herself to his protection and guidance. During the period occupied by the walk, the youth drew from his gentle companion an artless recital of the events of her brief life. She and a twin brother, since dead, had, she said, been left orphans in infancy. Her father's relations were persons of property, but as they had refused to render them any pecuniary assistance, they must have been brought up in a workhouse, had not her mother's only surviving kinswoman—her grandaunt—taken the charge upon herself. 'This dear relative,' she added, 'worked for us when we were unable to work for ourselves, imparted to us all the knowledge she possessed, and was to us in every respect like a fond mother.' She then proceeded to state that fresh misfortunes had since assailed them; that her brother's long illness had reduced them to a sad condition of poverty; and that her kind friend, now very aged and infirm, had lately been bereft of sight. This circumstance had induced them to come from Sheffield to London, with the hope that the best medical aid, there afforded gratuitously, would effect a cure; but this hope had not been realised. She had, she further said, whilst residing in the country, gained some knowledge of the art of dressmaking, but had not been able to turn it to any account in London, because work in that department of female labour was not generally to be obtained at home, and she would endure any hardships rather than leave her aged and afflicted relative: they were, consequently, now residing together in a humble lodging, living on the little she could earn by making shirts for a neighbouring outfitter's warehouse.

'Have you, then, no other friend in this great city?' the young man interrogated, in a tone which betrayed the deep interest he had taken in her simple tale.

'I have no other friend on earth,' she made answer. 'Now my brother is gone, I have no one else to love or to love me.'

'Yours is a sad case,' he added commiseratingly; 'but if you will call again upon my mother, she may be able to recommend you to something better than your present employment, which I fear is but ill paid for.'

'It is indeed,' Ruth replied. 'I labour fifteen hours every day, frequently many more, and after all, can scarcely provide the common necessities of life. Yet,' she quickly rejoined, 'I am thankful to get even this, for London is a sad, unsocial, selfish place, and we should otherwise have died for want.'

'Though you have not been so fortunate as to meet with them, London has many charitable people in it, and is full of benevolent institutions,' the young man returned, a little jealous for the credit of his native city. 'Yet,' he musingly added, 'I know not of any institution for the encouragement of female industry. But you will call on my mother—will you not? I think she can be of service to you.'

'Oh yes, I shall call on her to thank her for her goodness to me this night,' the maiden energetically exclaimed, as with a joyful heart she now recognised the little court which contained her home. 'A thousand thanks, too, for your kindness, sir,' she hurriedly added, returning the shawl, and taking the parcel from his hands. 'Good-night;' and as she spoke the last words,

she bounded up a flight of stone steps into a large but miserable-looking house, which stood at the entrance of the court.

A week elapsed ere the young seamstress completed her task, and proceeded again in the direction of the abode of her new-found friends. Her surprise was only exceeded by her gratitude, on finding that the widow had already interested a benevolent physician in her behalf. This gentleman had engaged to represent her unfortunate situation to some ladies of his acquaintance, who he knew could serve her by finding her better employment.

We will now, with the reader's permission, shift the scene a little, and take a peep into the richly-ornamented drawing-room of Mrs Mapleton, a young lady of fashion, who had recently become a bride. The mistress of the mansion, arrayed in an elegant dishabille, was reclining on one of the sofas. Her companions were her cousins, two ladies who had filled the important office of bridesmaids; and a more striking contrast could scarcely be conceived than the trio presented. Miss Bellingdon, the elder of the group, was a beautiful young woman of five-and-twenty, who for the last four years had been sole mistress of an immense fortune. Her bright black eye, and clear brunette complexion, bespoke a character of impassioned energy. Widely removed from these two extremes was the gentle Celia Howard. She possessed neither the insipid beauty of the one, nor the animated charms of the other, but her mild countenance bore the expression of good sense and modesty, which, though exciting less admiration, won for her more really attached friends.

Into this elegant scene a gentleman was introduced. This was Dr Penrose, the benevolent-minded physician who had undertaken to find some remunerative employment for the poor seamstress. Nor was he unsuccessful. His representations greatly affected the ladies; and Miss Bellingdon at once offered to give her some articles of dress to make, which she had in hand. 'Come, doctor, you will escort me in your carriage to the house of the young needlewoman,' gaily added the fair patroness.

'Gallantry forbids that I should disregard such a request from a lady,' the doctor returned with a smile; and the fair heiress quitted the room to equip herself for the visit.

'Adelaide is a spoiled child, and must always have her own way,' the bride remarked; and while Miss Bellingdon was employed in searching for the articles she spoke of, Miss Howard took the opportunity of slipping a small donation into the hands of the doctor. 'Will you become my almoner, dear sir?' she quietly said; adding in a still lower key, 'permit me to caution you not to trust wholly to the discretion of my cousins, Miss Bellingdon, with regard to the future movements of your interesting protégée. She is kindly-intentioned, but is apt to imagine that more can be effected by her patronage than experience proves. It is painful to make these remarks,' she hurriedly observed; 'but I feel it a duty to do so, lest your kind efforts to serve this young woman should be a source of evil instead of benefit.'

The re-entrance of the young heiress prevented the physician's reply, but his countenance expressed all his lips would have uttered.

'Mrs Mapleton is a subscriber to several charitable institutions,' Miss Bellingdon observed, addressing her venerable companion as they entered the densely-populated neighbourhood in which the home of the young seamstress was situated; 'and,' she pursued, 'as she has a great objection to anything like trouble, and fancies she is too sensitive to come in contact with distress of any kind, she imagines that to be the most efficient way of doing good. For my own part,' she continued, 'I like to find out worthy objects for private charity, and really feel obliged, Dr Penrose, by your mentioning this poor young creature to me.'

'Each in its turn has a claim upon us, my dear Miss Bellingdon,' the doctor made answer.

The interest Dr Penrose had excited in the breast of the fair heiress for Ruth Annesley rather augmented than decreased when that young lady entered her lodging, notwithstanding that she had to climb up three flights of dark and dirty stairs ere her curiosity was gratified. There was to her a charm in novelty which counterbalanced all difficulties, and the very wretchedness of the abode gave it an air of romance which highly delighted her. The little room occupied by the aunt and niece was, however, far from partaking of the character of the other parts of the house; it was meanly furnished and ill-lighted, but there was a certain something which bespoke it the residence of minds of a superior order. The young needlewoman was amazed and almost terrified at the sight of the elegant tissue which was unrolled before her. She was diffident in exercising her skill on such costly materials; and though grateful for the offered aid, would fain have declined it, but her visitor would not hear of a refusal. She was sure, she said, from the excellent fit of her own dress, simple as it was, that she could accomplish it to her satisfaction; and she proceeded to make an appointment for the next morning for her to take her pattern.

'We must transplant that sweet flower to a more genial soil, my good sir,' Miss Bellington energetically exclaimed when they re-entered the carriage; 'she must not be allowed to wither away in this polluted atmosphere. I have already formed a plan for her future support. She must have a well-furnished floor in the western suburbs, and I'll venture to promise her plenty of employment from my friends alone.'

'Your plan is good, my dear Miss Bellington,' the doctor returned; 'but we must not be too sanguine of success. If—'

'Oh, I will have no buts or ifs,' the lady interposed, 'nor will I allow you to thwart my schemes of benevolence through your prudent precaution. I assure you that I can fully calculate upon success, and I'll take the entire responsibility upon myself.'

'If you will do that, my fair friend, I can make no further opposition,' her companion quietly rejoined.

The result of the above-related conversation was, that Ruth and her aunt were removed from the obscure garret they had for the last six months inhabited, to a comfortable lodging in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park. Miss Bellington found no difficulty in persuading her young protégée to make the exchange; for, trustful and guileless as she was, she never for a moment doubted whether her patroness would fulfil all her engagements. To her it appeared an almost miraculous deliverance from the bitter want she and her beloved relative had so long endured, and her grateful heart beat high with thankfulness to a merciful Providence who had directed her steps in the darkness to the abode of the widow, who had been the primary human instrument in bringing about her present happiness. To her more sage and experienced protectress, however, the scheme did not appear quite so desirable. She was less sanguine than Ruth of the success of her new undertaking, and doubtful of the continuance of Miss Bellington's patronage. She had seen too much of life to place implicit reliance in fluency of profession; yet as her niece was full of hope and delight at the proposal, and was, in their present circumstances, wasting her youth by incessant and ill-requited toil, she could not withhold her consent to the change. Miss Bellington was so enraptured with the manner in which Ruth had accomplished the task she had assigned her, that she was more than usually energetic whilst appealing to her fair friends in her behalf. Her affecting relation of the trials the young seamstress had so recently endured drew tears from many a bright eye, and our heroine had not been many days in her new abode, ere she was supplied with more work than she knew how to perform. She thus found herself in such an awkward dilemma, that she was obliged to apply to her patroness for counsel. 'Oh, you must do it all, my dear; you must not think of such a thing as disobliging any of

your employers,' was that lady's unhesitating reply; and vain were the poor girl's representations that her health was sinking under the effort, which was even greater than that she had made at her former occupation. 'You have yet to learn,' Miss Bellington proceeded, 'that there is nothing about which a lady is so impatient as the fabrication of a new dress. She will bear the loss of a *lover* with a better grace than a disappointment of that sort; so I tell you, my good girl, that you must get them all done by the time specified by the owners, or you will ruin yourself in the onset.'

'And can these ladies be really desirous of serving me in giving me this employment?' Ruth could not help saying to herself; but she dared not ask so rude a question of her noble patroness. With great exertion, accompanied by no small amount of bodily pain, the young needlewoman at length effected the task; but her trials were not over when this was accomplished. One of the ladies who had been so keenly touched by Miss Bellington's affecting recital of her sufferings, and who was, to use her own words, 'quite anxious to patronise the poor young thing,' did not scruple to make a bargain by which she was a considerable gainer, excusing her avarice by saying that she could not of course pay a person whom she employed under such circumstances the same as she did one of the fashionable milliners; another thought it an excellent opportunity of getting credit, which had been refused by her late *modiste*; a third, supposing the obligation she conferred on Ruth by employing her entitled her to dictate even in her domestic affairs, withdrew her patronage on the plea of her base ingratitude, because the poor girl did not think proper to follow her advice in everything; and a fourth—a dashing widow, whom Miss Bellington had represented as a very paragon of benevolence—having a favourite notion that the working-classes are incapable of husbanding their earnings, doled out her payments in such small sums, and took up so much time in calls at her mansion in order to receive these sums, that the money was literally twice earned ere it reached the hands of the person who was so unfortunate as to be employed by her. To these were added several ladies who were really desirous of serving her, but who engrossed so much of her attention and time—the young needlewoman's only property—by trivial remarks and minute directions, that little profit could be derived from the work they put into her hands. This latter evil arose from inconsiderateness, not wilful injustice, but it was not the less felt on that account. Thus, though our heroine had no lack of occupation, she was not so amply remunerated as she had been led to expect, and she was still frequently distressed for the means for providing the necessaries of life. The lodgings Miss Bellington had engaged for their use were expensive; and notwithstanding the promise that lady had made to Dr Penrose, and that she had more than once intimated to Ruth herself, that she would take the entire responsibility, she never afterwards alluded to the subject.

The interest which had been excited for Ruth did not flag through the winter months. Many a beautiful lip spoke with seeming sympathy of the fair young seamstress who had fabricated the dress or mantle in which the lovely wearer was arrayed, and they doubtless flattered themselves into the belief that they had been really actuated by benevolence when finding her employment. The London season followed—the *busy* season, as it is emphatically denominated by the 'west end' milliner and dressmaker—the season when the jaded apprentice and journeywoman can get neither necessary bodily exercise by day nor rest by night; and during these months there was still no complaint of want of occupation, whatever there might be of pecuniary embarrassment. But when this season was over, and the metropolis emptied itself of its fashionable inhabitants, that they might seek the sea-side breezes, or ruralise in sylvan vales, the poor young needlewoman's interesting story was regarded as a bygone tale, and

her very name was in most instances forgotten. Miss Bellington was not yet among the number who had left town. For some reason she was a lingerer in its almost deserted fashionable places of resort. This reason was certainly not that she might further the interests of her protégée, for a new favourite had taken poor Ruth's place in that sickle young lady's regard. This was a youthful painter, whom she declared to be a second Rubens, and whom she was now using her utmost endeavours to bring into notice.

The sudden desertion of her patronesses, many of whom were in her debt, was not the only trial our heroine had at this time to endure, for she was, in consequence, unable to pay the arrears of rent for their furnished apartments. It was true this did not exceed five pounds, yet it was a larger sum than she would have been able to raise, even by disposing of all her wardrobe. She naturally looked to Miss Bellington to assist her at such a juncture, at least by advice; but that lady was now inaccessible to her. She called again and again at her mansion, but always received an answer that she was particularly engaged, or from home. Her situation was rendered more pitiable by the rapidly declining health of Mrs Jones, who stood in greater need than ever of those comforts Ruth had once fondly anticipated being able to provide from the fruits of her exertions. Constant toil and anxiety had blanched her own cheek, and further enfeebled a frame always delicate; but of herself she thought not; all her solicitude was called into exercise for that beloved relative who had been to her as a mother. A circumstance hitherto unmentioned also served to augment our heroine's distress; this was the absence of her humble friends, the Crawfords. An unlooked-for event in their family had caused them, a few weeks previously, to leave London for a residence in a distant part of the country; and as their departure had been somewhat sudden, Ruth was consequently deprived in this exigency of their sympathy and counsel. Her upright mind, however, suggested the most honourable course to be pursued; which was, she thought, for them to leave their little property as a security for their debt, engage a low-rented apartment in the neighbourhood in which they had before resided, and for her to endeavour to procure work from her former employer. This plan met with Mrs Jones's approbation, though it was with a sickening heart that she contemplated the entire blight of her niece's prospects. Ruth's application for the employment which had before yielded her such a miserable pittance was successful, and she recommenced her labours, though with a less hopeful spirit. Had the Crawfords been still in the vicinity, she would have felt her situation to be less lonely; for, to let the reader into a secret unacknowledged even by the parties most concerned, a mutual affection, based on the purest esteem, had sprung up between the young artisan and the orphan girl. Though neither had allowed a word to escape the lips which could express his or her feelings on the subject, there was a firm conviction in the breast of each that the regard was reciprocal, and this thought would sometimes impart a ray of joy to the breast of the maiden in the midst of her deepest distress. So entwined, however, were her tenderest affections around the aged friend with whom she had for so many years shared her griefs and pleasures, that life seemed to offer a blank in the event of her death.

The summer passed, but the young shirt-maker saw nothing of the green fields, of the flowers, and little even of the sun; for her dark attic, with its sloping roof, and narrow window overlooking the back of some smoky dwellings, admitted but few of his beams. She beheld not the golden grain ripe for the sickle, nor the clustering fruits of the autumnal season; and the month with which we commenced our narrative again returned—returned with sad forebodings to the sorrow-stricken girl; for the gentle and meek spirit of her aged companion seemed now about to quit its frail tenement for a more congenial and blessed abode. In this exigency

Ruth would have sought the aid of the kind physician who had before taken such a lively interest in their welfare, but she was unacquainted with his place of residence; and all her attempts to see Miss Bellington, and to obtain the information from her, had been fruitless. So fearful was Ruth that it might be supposed that she was vaguely soliciting pecuniary aid from the widow Crawford, that she would not, when writing to her, inform her of the extent of her distress.

The dense fog which had shrouded the streets during the day, making it necessary for the tradesman and artisan to use artificial lights even at noon, had given place to a steady continuous rain, when the unhappy girl, thinly clad, and without anything to shield her from the inclemency of the weather, set out with the intention of once more seeking Miss Bellington's mansion. The fair heiress was actually her debtor for the last dresses she had made for her; and though it was an unreasonable hour for calling on a lady of fashion on such business, Ruth, urged by despair, had formed the resolution to see her if possible, and even to force herself into her presence should her request be denied. None heeded the young pedestrian as she pursued her hurried course through the crowded streets of business, and she was equally unregarded and uncared for when she entered the aristocratic locality of the west. Her earnest intreaties that the footman would take up her name, received an answer that Miss Bellington was dressing for an evening party, and could not be spoken to, but that she would pass through the hall in her way to the carriage, if she chose to wait.

'I will thankfully accept the offer,' Ruth replied; and as she spoke, she seated herself upon one of the chairs.

The man had scarcely left the hall, when the light step of the fair heiress was heard descending from her dressing-room. She was giving directions to her lady's-maid as she proceeded, and was too much occupied to notice that any one was below, till she came into contact with the pale, emaciated figure of the young shirt-maker, who sat there shivering in her wet garments. A start of recognition followed.

'Ruth Annealey!' she exclaimed in astonishment.

'Ah, madam, I am indeed that wretched girl,' was the reply; and the tone of anguish in which it was uttered struck like a knell upon the ear of her auditor.

'You look ill, child; what could bring you out on such a night?'

'Despair has driven me from my home to seek you, madam; for I know not but that, on my return, I may find my only earthly friend a corpse.'

Miss Bellington shuddered. 'Is your aunt so much worse then?' she interrogated. 'Why did you not let me know this before?'

'I have sought you many times, madam, and sent you my little account, but all my appeals have been disregarded,' Ruth made answer.

'The fault then rests with my servants,' Miss Bellington interposed, whilst the flush upon her already rouged cheek revealed that she was giving utterance to falsehood. 'Don't be cast down, however,' she soothingly added. 'I will attend to the matter to-morrow; meanwhile, take this trifle, and get your poor aunt something to do her good. Call in a surgeon likewise, and I will pay his bill whatever it may be.'

Ruth looked in the face of her late patroness. 'Madam,' she said, 'you engaged to pay for our lodgings at Kensington; but I was obliged to deprive my dear aunt of necessities in order to raise it myself, and finally to leave our little all as a security for the debt. I accept of this,' she added, taking the offered coin, 'for it is justly my due; but I ask for nothing more than justice at your hands. This dress,' she pursued, taking up the skirt of a beautiful silvered muslin tunic in which the fair heiress was arrayed—'this very dress cost me a night and a day of unrequited labour. Could you wear it in the gay ball-room, and not think of one of your own sex whom your inconsiderateness, not to say injustice, has brought to the borders of the grave?'

'Your afflictions have made you neither humble nor grateful, Miss Annesley,' Miss Bellington contemptuously remarked, writhing bitterly under a question which she felt to be unanswerable.

'They have not made me *servile*, madam,' Ruth rejoined; 'but you are mistaken in supposing that they have blunted my sense of gratitude, for my heart was never so keenly alive to kindness. But I am detaining you from your evening amusement, where voices will whisper far different language in your ear,' she added, stepping aside as she spoke, to let the footman pass and open the door for his mistress. Miss Bellington drew more closely around her the rich Indian shawl which her lady's-maid had just placed upon her shoulders, to shield her from the cold night air, and then hurried into the carriage, whilst her fragile and exhausted companion set out unprotected, to walk a distance of more than three miles to her miserable home.

Ruth had, in the foregoing scene, acted in opposition to the natural gentleness of her character. Her feelings had been powerfully wrought upon by injustice, and the sufferings of one dearer to her than her own existence; but when again alone, she shed a torrent of tears, which in some measure relieved her overcharged heart.

We leave the inhabitants of the narrow garret—one of whom appeared to be on the confines of eternity—to accompany the fair heiress to an elegant party assembled at the mansion of Mrs Mapleton. The usual circle of admirers and flatterers attended her steps, and hung upon her smiles, but she was this evening abstracted and spiritless. The once musical but now hollow voice of the young seamstress seemed ever and anon to sound in her ear, and the form of her dying relative was present to her mental vision. She was selfish and inconsiderate, but not heartless, and bitterly did she now repent having neglected the young creature she had professed to serve. Her painful reminiscences were augmented by the presence of Celia Howard, whom she had not met since the day that Ruth had been first introduced to her.

Miss Howard had that morning arrived at the house of her cousin, Mrs Mapleton, with the intention of again making it her home for a few days. She had not forgotten the circumstance; and when alone with Miss Bellington for a few minutes, she asked, with much concern, what had become of the young needlewoman whom Dr Penrose had taken her to visit on the day on which she had left town. The question caused a flush of crimson to suffuse the cheek of the gay beauty, and she was for a few moments incapable of replying. Rallying, however, she murmured something about having lost sight of her for some time, of having met with her that very evening, and of an intention to call upon her on the morrow. 'Will you allow me to accompany you, Adelaide?' Miss Howard asked; 'I purposed spending the morning with you.' Miss Bellington would gladly have dispensed with her society on such an occasion, but as she could think of no pretext for preventing her, she was compelled to acquiesce.

The morning came, and the two ladies set out in Miss Bellington's carriage for the apartment Ruth and her aunt occupied at Whitechapel. Twelve months previously, the fair heiress had entered this neighbourhood with self-gratulations, now she felt like a culprit about to appear at the bar of justice; and had not her cousin been her companion, it is doubtful whether she would have proceeded on her errand, though she was now really desirous of making some reparation for the misery she had caused. Her inquiries for the young seamstress were answered by the mistress of the lodging-house, who, supposing that they were come to visit the sick woman, and feeling much for the orphan girl and her aged relative, politely said she would show them up into their room. The two ladies followed their guide up the stairs, till she stopped at a low door, at which she gently knocked. Supposing that Ruth was from home on business, and knowing that Mrs

Jones was not able to leave her bed, the good woman quietly lifted the latch; but the visitors drew back on beholding the scene which the chamber presented. The invalid lay stretched on her low pallet, to all appearance in the last stage of dissolution. Her sightless eyes were closed, and her livid lips were firmly compressed with strong convulsions; but there was no signs of terror in her aspect—her gentle spirit seemed ready for its departure. By her side, in a kneeling attitude, was the emaciated and almost broken-hearted Ruth, in earnest but mute devotion.

The scene was too sacred to be intruded upon, and the woman gently closed the door, unperceived by the occupants of the chamber. The ladies returned in silence to the carriage; and no sooner had they entered it, than Miss Bellington burst into a flood of penitential tears. Keenly alive to sudden impulses of feeling, she had been impressed in no small degree by the sight she had just witnessed. Had she, she mentally inquired, been the means of hastening the aged woman's death?—of further blanching the wan cheek of that fair girl who was but in the first blush of womanhood? And she now unhesitatingly related the whole affair to her cousin, who, seeing that she was already so deeply moved, strove to soothe and comfort her.

Next day the visitors returned, accompanied by Dr Penrose; but interference was now too late. Mrs Jones had died the preceding night, and Ruth was confined to bed, her disease a combination of low fever and consumption, brought on by cold, want, and neglect. Everything which skill could imagine was attempted, but in vain; and useless also was the almost incessant watching of Andrew Crawford by the bedside of the sufferer, from the day he had heard of her illness. In seventeen days from the death of her aunt, the body of poor Ruth Annesley was carried from the same obscure dwelling, and laid in the same obscure grave—her fate nothing uncommon, except in so far as it exemplified the hollow delusions of not an ill-meaning, but only an inconsistent and giddy PATRONESS.

'GATHERINGS FROM SPAIN.'

MR MURRAY'S 'Home and Colonial Library,' one of the best of the popular serials, has been enriched by no work of greater interest than that which has just appeared, 'Gatherings from Spain.' Abounding in much new matter, gleaned not from books, but from actual journeys over the country, and written in a lively and suitable style, the volume possesses an original merit, and may appropriately occupy a place in all those libraries now forming for general instruction and entertainment. A few odds and ends of sketches from its pages may amuse our readers.

Spain, as the author begs us to understand, is not one, but a collection of countries, differing very considerably from each other in social and physical features; and to this cause he ascribes their ruin from the beginning—'a bundle of small bodies, tied together with a rope of sand, and which, being without union, is also without strength, has been beaten in detail.' This, however, can only be a secondary cause of national disaster. A people with radically good faculties would surely have long since dropped petty distinctions, and united for the general benefit, had circumstances permitted such a course. At present, Spain may be said to be in a process of fusing down to one general whole. It is losing its separate individualities and its old usages, and it remains to be seen whether there be a sufficient leaven of intelligence to carry it forward in a new and respectable career. Our own impression is, that it must go through a furnace of long tribulation before it realises the ardent expectations of its admirers.

One thing remarkable about Spain, is its hatred of France, contiguity in this instance producing only jealousy and contempt. The Pyrenees, which form the dividing boundary, are inhabited by a race of highlanders as impracticable as their granite fastnesses.

'Here dwell the smuggler, the rifle sportsman, and all who defy the law: here is bred the hardy peasant, who, accustomed to scale mountains and fight wolves, becomes a ready raw material for the *guerrilleros*; and none were ever more formidable to Rome or France than those marshalled in these glens by Sertorius and Mina. When the tocin bell rings out, a hornet-swarm of armed men—the weed of the hills—starts up from every rock and brake. The hatred of the Frenchman, which forms "part of a Spaniard's nature," seems to increase in intensity in proportion to vicinity, for as they touch, so they fret and rub each other: here it is the antipathy of an antithesis; the incompatibility of the saturnine and slow with the mercurial and rapid; of the proud, enduring, and ascetic, against the vain, the fickle, and sensual; of the enemy of innovation and change, to the lover of variety and novelty; and how-ever tyrants and tricksters may assert in the gilded galleries of Versailles that *Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées*, this party-wall of Alps, this barrier of snow and hurricane, does and will exist for ever. Placed there by Providence, as was said by the Gothic prelate Saint Isidore, they ever have forbidden, and ever will forbid, the banners of an unnatural alliance.'

Spanish authors, it appears, either dare not or cannot tell what is the cause of national ruin. They ascribe it to the depopulation of the country by the drain of adventurers for America. But colonisation never produced a vacuum of this sort. Our author's theory goes nearer the mark. 'The real permanent and standing cause of Spain's thinly-peopled state, want of cultivation, and abomination of desolation, is *bad government*, civil and religious; this all who run may read in her lonely land and silent towns. But Spain, if the anecdote which her children love to tell be true, will never be able to remove the incubus of this fertile origin of every evil. When Ferdinand III. captured Seville, and died, being a saint, he escaped purgatory, and Santiago presented him to the Virgin, who forthwith desired him to ask any favours for beloved Spain. The monarch petitioned for oil, wine, and corn—conceded; for sunny skies, brave men, and pretty women—allowed; for cigars, relics, garlic, and bulls—by all means; for a good government—"Nay, nay," said the Virgin; "that never can be granted; for were it bestowed, not an angel would remain a day longer in heaven." A nation which can console itself with a joke, is perhaps more to be pitied than if it were aware of its own infamy. Bad government is only a result of a cause. Universal dishonesty is at the root of the evil. From the first minister of the crown to the lowest official, every one is a born cheat. 'Where robbing and jobbing are the universal order of the day, one rascal keeps another in countenance. A man who does not feather his nest when in office, is not thought honest, but a fool. The magic influence of a bribe pervades a land where everything is venal, even to the scales of justice. Here men who have objects to gain begin to work from the bottom, not from the top, as we do in England. In order to insure success, no step in the official ladder must be left unanointed. A wise and prudent suitor bribes from the porter to the premier, taking care not to forget the under-secretary, the over-secretary, the private secretary, all in their order, and to regulate the *doubleur* according to each man's rank and influence. If you omit the porter, he will not deliver your card. If you forget the chief clerk, he will mislay your petition, or poison his master's ear. In matters of political importance, the sovereign, him or herself, must have a share; and thus it was that Calomarde continued so long to manage the beloved Ferdinand and his counsels. He was the minister who laid the greatest bribe at the royal feet. "Sire, by strict attention and honesty, I have just been enabled to economise £50,000 on the sums allotted to my department, which I have now the honour and felicity to place at your majesty's disposal." "Well done, my faithful and good minister; here is a cigar for you!" Peculation

in collecting the taxes is universal, and there seems no possibility of making the revenue meet the national expenses. Recourse has therefore been had to usurious loans and wholesale confiscations. 'Public securities have been "repudiated," interest unpaid, and principal sponged out. No country in the old world, or even new drab-coated world, stands lower in financial discredit. Let all be aware how they embark in Spanish speculations!'

With the example of universal peculation before them, and favoured by the weakness of the police, highwaymen in Spain do not stand on trifles, and carry on a large and thriving trade. Travelling with an armed diligence, or in armed bands, seems a general precaution; Spaniards, with all their boasting, not liking to encounter firearms. When not well provided with these appliances, our author recommends submission with a good grace. 'Those who have a score or so of dollars (four or five pounds), the loss of which will ruin no man, are very rarely ill-used; a frank, confident, and good-humoured surrender not only prevents any bad treatment, but secures even civility during the disagreeable operation. Pistols and sabres are, after all, a poor defence compared to civil words, as Mr Cribb used to say. The Spaniard, by nature high-bred, and a *caballero*, responds to any appeal to qualities of which he thinks his nation has reason to be proud; he respects coolness of manner, in which bold men, although robbers, sympathise.'

There are, however, other kinds of robbing in Spain. One consists in the exaction of certain dues at city gates, similar to the *octroi* in France; and as these dues 'are generally farmed out, they are exacted from the peasantry with great severity and incivility. There is perhaps no single grievance among the many, in the mistaken system of Spanish political and fiscal economy, which tends to create and keep alive, by its daily retail worry and often wholesale injustice, so great a feeling of discontent and ill-will towards authority as this does: it obstructs both commerce and travellers. The officers are, however, seldom either strict or uncivil to the higher classes, and if courteously addressed by the stranger, and told that he is an English gentleman, the official *Cerberi* open the gates and let him pass unmolested, and still more if quieted by the Virgilian sop of a bribe. The idea of a bribe, however, must be carefully concealed; it shocks their dignity, their sense of honour. If, however, the money be given to the head person, as something for his people to drink, the delicate attention is sacked by the chief, properly appreciated, and works its due effect.' The worst of all robbers, however, are the lazy, do-nothing keepers of country inns or *ventas*. 'These *ventas* have, from time immemorial, been the subject of jests and pleasantries to Spanish and foreign wits. Quevedo and Cervantes indulge in endless diatribes against the roguery of the masters, and the misery of the accommodations, while Gongora compares them to Noah's ark; and in truth they do contain a variety of animals, from the big to the *small*, and more than a pair of more than one kind of the latter. . . . Many of these *ventas* have been built on a large scale by the noblemen or convent brethren to whom the village or adjoining territory belonged, and some have, at a distance, quite the air of a gentleman's mansion. Their walls, towers, and often elegant elevations, glitter in the sun, gay and promising, while all within is dark, dirty, and dilapidated, and no better than a whitened sepulchre.'

On arriving at one of these *ventas*, the inexperienced traveller is a little surprised to find that the host 'remains unmoved and imperturbable, as if he never had had an appetite, or had lost it, or had dined. Not that his genus ever are seen eating, except when invited to a guest's stew: air, the economical ration of the chameleon, seems to be his habitual sustenance; and still more as to his wife and womankind, who never will sit and eat even with the stranger; nay, in humbler Spanish families, they seem to dine with the cat in some corner,

and on scraps. This is a remnant of the Roman and Moorish treatment of women as inferiors. Their lord and husband, the innkeeper, cannot conceive why foreigners on their arrival are always so impatient, and is equally surprised at their inordinate appetite. An English landlord's first question, "Will you not like to take some refreshment?" is the very last which he would think of putting. Sometimes, by giving him a cigar, by coaxing his wife, flattering his daughter, and caressing Maritornes, you may get a couple of his *pollas* or fowls, which run about the ground-floor, picking up anything, and ready to be picked up themselves and dressed. Travellers are therefore in the habit of taking a part in hastening things forward in the great open kitchen—"One eye to the pan, the other to the real cat," whose very existence in a *venta*, and among the pots, is a miracle. By the way, the naturalist will observe that their ears and tails are almost always cropped closely to the stumps. All and each of the travellers, when their respective stews are ready, form clusters and groups round the frying-pan, which is moved from the fire hot and smoking, and placed on a low table or block of wood before them; or the unctuous contents are emptied into a huge earthen reddish dish, which in form and colour is the precise *paropsis*, the food platter, described by Martial and by other ancient authors. Chairs are a luxury. The lower classes sit on the ground, as in the East, or on low stools, and fall to in a most Oriental manner, with an un-European ignorance of forks, for which they substitute a short wooden or horn spoon, or dip their bread into the dish, or fish up morsels with their long-pointed knives. They eat copiously, but with gravity—with appetite, but without greediness; for none of any nation, as a mass, are better bred or mannered than the lower classes of Spaniards.

Whether by robbing, taking bribes, or plundering guests at inns, when a man has made a purse, the difficulty consists in knowing where to put it. Consequently there is much hoarding and hiding in secret places. The idea of finding hidden treasures, which prevails in Spain, as in the East, is based on some grounds; for in every country which has been much exposed to foreign invasions, civil wars, and domestic misrule, where there were no safe modes of investment, in moments of danger property was converted into gold or jewels, and concealed with singular ingenuity. The mistrust which Spaniards entertain of each other often extends, when cash is in the case, even to the nearest relations—to wife and children. Many a treasure is thus lost from the accidental death of the hider, who, dying without a sign, carries his secret to the grave, adding thereby to the sincere grief of his widow and heir. One of the old vulgar superstitions in Spain is an idea that those who were born on a Good-Friday, the day of mourning, were gifted with a power of seeing into the earth, and of discovering hidden treasures. One place of concealment has always been under the bodies in graves: the hidiers have trusted to the dead to defend what the quick could not. This accounts for the universal desecration of tombs and churchyards during Bonaparte's invasion.

From all we can understand, there seems to be but one class of habitually honest men in Spain, and that is the muleteers. With a number of loaded mules marching slowly in single file, these men act as carriers all over the country. The muleteer either walks by the side of his animal, or sits aloft on the cargo, with his feet dangling on the neck, a seat which is by no means so uncomfortable as it would appear. A rude gun, loaded with slugs, hangs always in readiness by his side, and often with it a guitar. . . . The Spanish muleteer is a fine fellow: he is intelligent, active, and enduring; he braves hunger and thirst, heat and cold, mud and dust; he works as hard as his cattle, never robs or is robbed; and while his betters in this land put off everything till to-morrow except bankruptcy, he is punctual and honest, his frame is wiry and sinewy, his costume peculiar. Many are the leagues, and long,

which we have ridden in his caravan, and longer his robber yarns, to which we paid no attention; and it must be admitted that these cavalcades are truly national and picturesque. Mingled with droves of mules and mounted horsemen, the zig-zag lines come threading down the mountain defiles, now tracking through the aromatic brushwood, now concealed amid rocks and olive-trees, now emerging bright and glittering into the sunshine, giving life and movement to lonely nature, and breaking the usual stillness by the tinkle of the bell and the sad ditty of the muleteer—sounds which, though unmusical in themselves, are in keeping with the scene, and associated with wild Spanish rambles, just as the harsh whetting of the scythe is mixed up with the sweet spring and newly-mown hay meadow.

Another oddity is the Spanish barber—the Figaro. The profession of this personage is one of great importance in all the towns of the peninsula. There is no mistaking his shop; for, independently of the external manifestations of the fine arts practised within, his threshold is the lounge of all idlers, as well as of those who are anxious to relieve their chins of the thick stubble of a three days' growth. Here is the mint of scandal; and all who have lived intimately with Spaniards, know how invariably every one stabs his neighbour behind his back with words—the lower orders occasionally using knives sharper even than their tongues. Here, again, resort gamblers, who, seated on the ground with cards more begrimed than the earth, pursue their fierce game as eager as if existence was at stake; for there is generally some well-known cock of the walk, a bully, or *guapo*, who will come up and lay his hand on the cards, and say, "No one shall play with any cards but with mine." If the parties are cowed, they give him a halfpenny each. If, however, one of the challenged be a spirited fellow, he defies him, and a fight is the consequence. The interior of the barber's shop is curious. France may boast to lead Europe in hairdressing and clipping poodles, but Figaro snaps his fingers at her civilisation, and no cat's ears and tail can be closer shaved than his ones are. The walls of his operating room are neatly lathered with whitewash; on a peg hangs his brown cloak and conical hat; his shelves are decorated with clay-painted figures of picturesque rascals, arrayed in all their Andalusian togery—bandits, bull-fighters, and smugglers. The walls are enlivened with rude prints of fandango dances, miracles, and bull-fights, in which the Spanish vulgar delight, as ours do in racing and ring notabilities. The barber's implements of art are duly arranged in order; his glass, soap, towels, and leather strap, and guitar, which indeed, with the razor, constitutes the genus barber. Few Spaniards ever shave themselves; it is too mechanical; so they prefer, like the Orientals, a "razor that is hired;" and as that must be paid for, scarcely any go to the expensive luxury of an every-day shave. Indeed Don Quixote advised Sancho, when nominated a governor, to shave at least every other day if he wished to look like a gentleman. The peculiar sallowness of a Spaniard's face is heightened by the contrast of a sable bristle. Figaro himself is all tags, tassels, colour, and embroidery, quips and quirps: he is never still; always in a bustle; he is lying and lathering, cutting chins and capers, here, there, and everywhere. If he has a moment free from taking off beards and making paper cigars, he whips down his guitar, and sings the last seguidilla: thus he drives away dull care, who hates the sound of merry music: and no wonder; the operator performs his professional duties much more skillfully than the rival surgeon, nor does he bungle at any little extraneous amateur commissions; and there are more real performances enacted by the barbers in Seville itself, than in a dozen European opera-houses.

We may close our notice of this amusing volume with the author's account of Spanish dances and music. 'In Spain, whenever and wherever the siren sounds are

heard, a party is forthwith got up of all ages and sexes, who are attracted by the tinkling like swarming bees. The guitar is part and parcel of the Spaniard and his ballads; he slings it across his shoulder with a ribbon, as was depicted on the tombs of Egypt four thousand years ago. The performers seldom are very scientific musicians; they content themselves with striking the chords, sweeping the whole hand over the strings, or flourishing and tapping the board with the thumb, at which they are very expert. The multitude suit the tune to the song, both of which are frequently extemporaneous. The language comes in aid to the fertile mother-wit of the natives; rhymes are dispensed with at pleasure, or mixed, according to caprice, with assonants, which consist of the mere recurrence of the same vowels, without reference to that of consonants; and even these, which poorly fill a foreign ear, are not always observed. There is very little music ever printed in Spain; the songs and airs are generally sold in manuscript. Sometimes, for the very illiterate, the notes are expressed in numeral figures, which correspond with the number of the strings. The best guitars in the world were made appropriately in Cadiz by the Pajez family, father and son. Of course an instrument in so much vogue was always an object of most careful thought in fair Bætica; thus, in the seventh century, the Sevillian guitar was shaped like the human breast, because, as archbishops said, the chords signified the pulsations of the heart, *à corde*. The instruments of the Andalusian Moors were strung after these significant heartstrings. Zaryab remodelled the guitar by adding a fifth string of bright red, to represent blood, the treble or first being yellow, to indicate bile; and to this hour, on the banks of the Guadalquivir, when dusky eve calls forth the cloaked serenader, the ruby drops of the heart female are surely liquefied by a judicious manipulation of catgut. The Englishman who laughs at all this, and considers the Spanish love of dancing and guitar to be a species of madness, certainly a cause of poverty, is thought by Spaniards to be habitually mad, from his everlasting working, and also from what is a less equivocal symptom of insanity, *lending Spaniards money*, and is accordingly laughed at in turn.

PLEASANTRIES OF THE BENCH.

'It seems difficult,' says the *Law Review* in its opening paragraph, 'in casting our eye over the map of the sciences, not to place jurisprudence in the highest rank, if we do not indeed allow it the first place. None requires more enlarged understandings, more sagacious minds, in its cultivators; none draws its materials from more various sources; none assumes for its successful study an ampler body of knowledge, whether of books or of men; but, above all, its importance to the interests of mankind is beyond that of every other branch of learning: it is more eminently practical than any; its concern is with the whole order, the peace, and the happiness of society.*' The object of the work which commences thus, is to promote all discussions connected with this department of science and literature; to extend the knowledge of sound principles; and to further the real improvement of the laws, while checking the mere reckless desire of change. The *Law Review* is published under the auspices of the Society for Promoting the Amendment of the Law; a body which has Lord Brougham at its head as president, with the Lord Chancellor, the Dukes of Richmond and Cleveland, Lords Devon, Radnor, Ashburton, Campbell, and Mr Lushington as vice-presidents. It includes among its ordinary and honorary members many of the most distinguished men of the day; and not a few of these have enriched with their contributions the pages of the

society's literary organ. So much we have thought it necessary to say of the *Law Review*; although, on the present occasion, we have no intention to meddle with its more serious labours and duties. We have already given our humble aid in the *Journal* to the cause of law reform, and shall do so again; but just now we mean to go on the Welsh circuit for our own amusement.

The 'Recollections of a Deceased Welsh Judge' form the most amusing of the lighter papers in this legal periodical; and no wonder; for a regular Welsh judge, before law reform 'let in the judges of England upon the Celtic countrymen of Howel-dha and King Arthur,' had little else to do than to look out for amusement. The courts indeed 'were more dull than can easily be described, from the excessive stupidity of the people, both witnesses and jurors—the difficulty of getting anything like English out of them, or putting anything like sense into them—the trifling nature of their endless disputes—the inextricable entanglement of their endless pedigrees: yet the assizes lasted but a couple of days at each place, for the most part; and there was great pleasure in their clear air and fine scenery, especially after the House of Commons and Westminster Hall had fatigued one, and made London intolerable. Their streams were pure and refreshing, to say nothing of their fish; and their hills were wild and sunny, without taking into account the good mutton they fed.' His honour, accordingly, was very sorry when he found himself abolished, with no other compensation than his pension; and it is not surprising that he should have employed the additional leisure thus forced upon him in recalling the circumstances and characters of so agreeable an official existence.

Among the first of his compeers he brings upon the scene is 'George Wood,' nicknamed the Wood Demon, from a melodrama then in vogue—a lawyer greatly quizzed for his ugliness, and highly esteemed for his profound knowledge of special pleading, accurate understanding, sound judgment, and inflexible honesty. He was famous for the extreme conciseness of his style, which followed him to the bench; and his brother judge gives us a specimen, 'a story which, it may well be said, "he used to tell," for I believe he never told any other, and that one he was constantly called upon to tell at the circuit table, and always told it in the same words, and always with the same unbounded applause. It was as follows, for having so often heard it, we knew it by heart:—"A man having stolen a fish, one saw him carrying it away, half under his coat, and said, "Friend, when next you steal, take a shorter fish, or wear a longer coat." In this narrative—which certainly represents the scene perfectly, and gives an epigrammatic speech—there are not quite thirty words, particles included.'

These roystering lawyers had a grand court which took cognisance of the misdeeds of its members. One of them, for instance, was guilty of delivering a letter of introduction to an attorney; whereupon he was brought to trial, and forthwith appointed penny postman to the circuit. Another actually dined with one of these proscribed parties, and received the congratulations of the court upon his very select acquaintance, for which he paid so many gallons of claret to the circuit purse. 'J. Allan Park had somewhat puffed Richardson to an attorney or two as a young man of excellent promise, and stated that he had so high an opinion of him, that he had made him his executor. The attorney-general failed not to note this in his next speech at the grand court, which seriously alarmed Richardson, and drew from him a solemn declaration that he should consider any such recommendations as hostile, and not friendly acts. This, however, did not save him from the title of Executor; till some one, observing the testator's ruddy face of health, and the executor's very pale and emaciated appearance, made the two change places, and gave Richardson the name of the Defunct.' All this, it will be seen, under the guise of merriment, preserved the purity of the bar. 'Even the jests were subservient

* The *Law Review* and Quarterly Journal of British and Foreign Jurisprudence. Nos. 1 to 9. London: Richards.

—ancillary, as we say—to the same end. They kept us ever in mind of the serious visitations ready at any moment to come down upon real offences; they were like the crack of the wagner's whip, to be followed by the stroke if the ear had been assailed in vain. Then to the mummery of the circuit all were forced to bow. Whoever appeared in coloured clothes, had to pay for it by a fine, following a lecture by the attorney-general, in which the propriety of mode and dressing of the person was the subject of discourse: the rich wardrobes of various leaders were gorgeously described; how Mr Sergeant Cockell might, if he chose, dazzle the astonished sight with whole yards of cloth of gold across his portly paunch; how Mr Law himself could revel in the most flowery satins; how the very crier could appear so bedizened in lace, that he might burn for hundreds of pounds. The sumptuary laws were intended to diminish the expense of the circuit to poorer men. The rest of the rules were meant to prevent malpractices in the profession. The constantly flowing jest about small matters was calculated to beget a habit of not taking offence on grave occurrences, a very necessary thing in a profession the constant practice of which exposes every one to hear things said, and tempts most men to say things, somewhat painful to the feelings. Now and then a man would appear among us who was either too high or too sore to bear with the rude pleasantry of the body. We betide him if he showed such feelings! He might, without intending it, be very unexpectedly created a Duke, or even a Grand Duke, for his loftiness; or mayhap an Archdeacon, for keeping slyly out of the way; or a Doctor of the Sorbone, if he testified sensitiveness of jokes. I forget which fate overtook a learned sergeant (Davenport) when he was wroth with Mr Solicitor-General for filing against him an indictment for manslaughter, because a man had fallen out of the gallery during his address to the jury. It set forth that he feloniously did kill and slay J— S—, being in the peace of our lord the king, with a certain blunt instrument, of no value, called a long speech. But I think my able, learned, and lamented friend, Ralph Carr, was raised to the doctorate (of the Sorbone), when he took occasion to remark, that "he perceived the whole of the circuit set against him, from Mr Attorney-General Law down to Professor Christian," a joke eminently pleasing to Law, who held his cousin Christian in extreme contempt.

This Law (Ellenburgh) is highly praised by the judge both for his abilities and jokes. "I remember one of his chosen subjects (butts, as they might be called) was Sylvester Douglas (afterwards Lord Glenbervie). There was no end of the laugh ever ready to come at Law's call, and at Douglas's expense. Sometimes he would dub him the Solicitor-General, in allusion to his constant asking for everything that fell. Then he would swear that Douglas kept a Scotchman, at half-a-crown a-week, always on the look-out, and to sit up all night, that he might be called if any one died in place. He had a notion that Douglas's age was extremely great—nay, that he believed he was the Wandering Jew; and one morning, when in court, some doubt arose whether a statute was made in the fifth or sixth of Elizabeth—"Send," said Ned Law, "for Douglas in the coffee-house, he is likely to remember its passing." Nor did this even cease on Douglas leaving the bar. I well remember, when the kingdom of Etruria was announced by Bonaparte, and no one for some time was named, we were speculating who was to have it, Ned Law told us in the morning at Frank's, "Don't you know? Glenbervie has asked for it, and has great hopes."

Lawyers, it would seem, are not always literary men. 'Sergeant Lens, an excellent scholar, and a very considerable mathematician, is said to have entirely given over reading since he came into business. A brother judge of mine, a crack scholar as far as longs and shorts can make one, is believed to have no book in his house, and, I will venture to say, never reads anything but a newspaper, nor every day even that. His evenings would

be spent in sleep, were there no chessmen and no backgammon. Sergeant Cockell of our circuit, in the vacation, used to stand fishing for hours, and catch nothing; but the time between his breakfast and his dinner seemed to him a foretaste of eternity, at least in point of duration. I believe Mr Justice Buller never was known to exercise his mind except upon whist, when he was neither judging nor reading in "the books." Dampier, a good scholar, used to read a good deal, but I suspect it was chiefly old divinity. Gibbs notoriously had never read anything since he left Cambridge with a very good classical reputation." All lawyers, however, 'even Topping,' we are told, read a little of Shakspeare, at least as much as enables them to quote, while going upon circuit, 'Thus far into the bowels of the land.' 'Topping was the most uxorious of human kind, and daily wrote a long letter to Mrs Topping. The subject of the correspondence we all knew as well as she did herself—it was made up of his grievances. Did a jury give a verdict against him, he wrote and complained to Mrs Topping; did any of the bar offend him, she was instantly informed. He never kept this to himself, but always told us—often threatened us—occasionally rewarded us with some such confidential disclosure as this, made most significantly, and as by one well aware of its value, 'I'll assure you I felt so much how kind you were, that I wrote to Mrs Topping.' But generally it went thus—"The vile fellow behaved very, very ill: I wrote to Mrs Topping." Nor was the judge spared. I have heard him say that "Mrs Topping felt my lord's behaviour so much, she said she never could forget it." But then he, being perhaps mollified by some more favourable charge of his lordship, would tell us that "he had written to intreat she would think no more of it, and that he hoped he had prevailed." Once, however, I heard him say at Carlisle, "that the sergeant had behaved so ill, that Mrs Topping vowed she never would speak to him again as long as she lived," and this he uttered as if he were stating that sentence of death had been pronounced upon the sergeant, whom he then regarded as a fallen and lost man." Topping's irritability of temper gave him frequent occasion to write to Mrs Topping. 'I once entered the court at Durham when both he and the sergeant were standing with their backs voluntarily turned on the judge. I saw some screw was loose. The first words that I could distinguish was Baron Wood saying, "I think, on the whole, you are right, Mr Topping;" to which he was pleased to answer, "I am sure I was very far from asking what you thought." Another judge of more penetrable stuff would have been very angry at this bearish growl; but old George, who well knew his man, only said, "Well, well; who do you *caal*?" (call); so the cause went on, while there was heard an undergrowl on the other side from the sergeant, abusing Topping for his insolence and ingratitude, and the baron for his ignorance and partiality, and calling for his clerk to bring him some of the stomach tincture, which we knew would console him, as it was generally brandy with some water added, to give it a name, rather than materially alter its nature." Brandy and water was not the only cordial in requisition by the lights of the law. When Garrow retired from court after gaining a cause, 'in about half an hour old Humphreys, his clerk, returned with Mr Garrow's compliments, and begging to have a small wooden-cased flask which he had left. We had all seen the sergeant handling that bottle, and, while Garrow was going on before the wind, quietly transfer it under his own bag, into which he quickly put it. So when the clerk came, the sergeant said, "What wouldst have, man? Your case is disposed of. Mr Garrow is gone off to town." Away went Humphreys; but Garrow would bear no rival in his own art, and he required his flask on account of his "exhausted frame." So back came Humphreys, and he would not go till the sergeant, most reluctantly, had to make his bag disgorge the case—what he valued more than any of the others among which it had forced its way. His comfort was, that the

Madeira he had just tasted was "but sad poor stuff—about a match for Garrow's trashy speech."

The Welsh judge looks upon it as a sort of suicide for an undistinguished lawyer to enter parliament. 'Of all inferiority, the most marked is the disastrous lot of the barrister, who, failing in the law, quits his gown, and carries his tongue to market in parliament. Respectful as the House of Commons ever is to high station, to success at the bar, it is contemptuous in the extreme to the body of lawyers there who have failed under the wig. I remember some years ago, before I quitted parliament, an ingenious ruddy-looking young gentleman (he seemed only five-and-twenty, but proved much older) addressing the house in a maiden speech, clothed in a country gentleman's attire, of top-boots and leather breeches. He was listened to with the attention and even kindness which might be expected to attend such a performance, until he unhappily let fall the expression, "as I have had occasion to know on our circuit," when suddenly there burst forth a yell of indignation at the fraud under which he had obtained audience—the kind of false colours he had been sailing under, and sailing, too, before the wind. Such a chorus, such a concert, *concordia discors*, such a storm of coughing, of laughing, of scraping, of calls of question, of roars of scorn and disgust, never greeted mine ears. It was, indeed, over in a minute; but the speech, too, was over, and nothing could have appeased it but the termination of that speech which it had brought about.'

In the old Welsh circuits, 'the whole appearance of the court was different from an English court: the habits of the people, and even their dress, were distinct; and when, as in most cases, the witnesses could not talk English, and had to be examined by an interpreter, you might well fancy yourself in a foreign country. Indeed, in addressing the jury, whether by the bar or from the bench, it was but too obvious that the majority frequently understood but little of what was said to them. In the north, the dialect of the witnesses was occasionally puzzling enough. We used to hear people talk of the *house* or the *house-parts*—meaning the kitchen; of a *middenstead* for a dunghill; of a *steer* for a ladder; of *lating* for reckoning; and *laking* for playing; nay, of *darroch* for day's work; and a *treethin* for a three weeks since. But in Wales there was much less in common between the natives of the country and the professors of the law brought into the country to administer justice. This sometimes led to some odd mistakes: take, as an example, the jury, who, after hearing a trial for sheep-stealing, in which the facts were, that the sheep had been killed on the hill, and there skinned, the robber taking away the carcase, and leaving the skin for fear of detection—all this was proved in evidence, but the jury supposed it to relate, not to a sheep, but to a human being, and brought in, after some hesitation, what they considered a safe verdict of *man-slaughter*! But the lawyers on these circuits were as comical in their way as the witnesses and juries. One of them, Clarke, 'all unintentionally to create a laugh, and not very fond of any such testimony to his powers, would now and then make his audience merry without meaning it. As when the opposite counsel had been pathetic on his orphan client's hard lot—"Gentlemen," said Clarke, "why, I am myself an orphan"—he was seventy odd years old—"people's fathers and mothers cannot live for ever." No one can doubt of the pathos raised before being suddenly dissipated by this unexpected sally—not of humour, but of mere anger at any pathos having been imported into the cause. So, when a witness whom he was pressing with his angry, and oftentimes scolding, cross-examination, suddenly dropped down in a fit, and some said it was apoplectic—but privately Clarke heard it was epileptic—"My lord," said he, "it's only epilepsy—she must answer the question," as if the courts had taken a distinction between apoplexy and epilepsy.' The first time 'old Raine,' an ex-schoolmaster, sat in judgment, a man

was tried before the sessions for robbing a hen-roost, and acquitted for want of evidence against him. The chairman was ordering him to be discharged as a matter of course; but Raine said, though he fully agreed, yet he conceived it would be well to have him first whipt. The other justices repressed this ebullition of professional zeal, and explained the difference between justices and schoolmasters in respect of whipping.

NEW MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

THE public journals for the last few weeks have been teeming with accounts of a new method of producing insensibility to pain. The discovery is of American origin, and seems to bid fair to become among the most eminent of the benefits yet bestowed upon suffering humanity. The inventors are Dr Charles J. Jackson, a distinguished chemist, and Dr Morton, a dentist of Boston. The process has been made the subject of a patent, principally, it is said, to prevent its abuse—a precaution which the singular properties of the remedy appear to justify. A considerable number of the gravest operations in surgery have been performed upon patients subject to its influence, and in most cases the result has been a complete freedom from suffering. We beg to present a short account of this remarkable process.

It consists in the inhalation of, as it is supposed, the vapour of pure sulphuric ether. It is administered by means of a simple but peculiar apparatus. The patient is seated in the operating chair, and is requested to breathe through a mouth-piece, which is connected with some appropriate apparatus for the vaporisation of the ether, and is supplied with valve-work, which prevents the return of vitiated air to the apparatus. The respiration is continued for a few minutes, until the patient has lost all sensation, and very generally all consciousness as well, and lies back apparently in a gentle slumber. The sleep lasts, if the mouth-piece is removed, for two or three minutes, and the inhaler awakes considerably exhilarated by the operation. The apparatus used by the inventors consisted simply of a two-necked bottle, like that known as Woolf's, partly filled with sponges saturated with ether; that which has been used in London is an adaptation of the well-known soda-water apparatus, North's. It has been taken for granted in England that the liquid used is simply and only sulphuric ether; but the inventors themselves have not yet disclosed the true composition of the anodyne they employ. The experiments with us have been made with ether alone, and their success warrants the conclusion that this is the agent which has been used in Boston. Almost invariably, the first result of the inhalation is to cause a little spasm of the glottis, and cough, but this commonly vanishes after two or three inspirations, and the new atmosphere appears to be inhaled almost with avidity. Some persons become highly excited under its influence, and are possessed with an irresistible desire to be in motion; but if the inhalation is continued, this excitement gives place to a condition of complete ethereal inebriation, and the patient becomes perfectly still and motionless. At this stage there is a complete loss of volition, the hand may be lifted up, but it falls down powerless by the side of the inebriate; and if the eyelid is raised, it will no longer close against a threatened blow: this is the moment for the operation. In this unconscious condition the patient will then remain for about three minutes; but it is at the option of the operator to prolong the narcotism to fifteen, twenty, or even thirty minutes, without inconvenience to the generality of patients. Thus the most tedious and severe operations of the surgeon, which seldom exceed twenty minutes, and are generally of a much shorter duration, are capable of being performed during the state of insensibility. The most curious circumstance perhaps is, that the patient awakes from his lethargy almost at once; but for some hours after, he experiences an unusual buoyancy of spirits, which only evaporates with the ethereal odour itself. In a con-

siderable number of experiments the loss of sensation seems general, but the effects of the vapour are very various. Dr Bigelow, in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, gives an account of the phenomena presented in several cases which came before him. A young man took his seat in the chair, and after inhaling for a short time, rejected the apparatus, and taking from his pocket a pencil and card, wrote and summed up figures. He was then asked if he would submit to the extraction of his tooth, and he assented. The tooth was extracted, and shortly after the young man recovered his senses. He was quite unconscious of any pain. Other patients manifested the activity of certain intellectual faculties; and some, while still insensible, will raise themselves in the chair if desired to do so. It is very general, at the moment when the instruments are used, to notice that there is an expression of pain upon the countenance of the intoxicated person: there is a frown, or a scowl, or even sometimes a moan is heard; but these appearances are entirely illusive; the patients have experienced no suffering whatever. One woman exclaimed on recovering, 'That it was beautiful: she dreamed of being at home; it seemed as if she had been gone a month.' A boy, who is likely to become famous, was so enchanted with his sensations while two of his teeth were removed, as to insist upon the extraction of a third. With only one or two exceptions has any pain been experienced, most of the patients expressing themselves as totally unconscious of anything unpleasant. It would almost seem probable that the cases of partial failure—and they seem more proportionately frequent in England than in America—have their explanation in some imperfections in the process of inhalation. A patient operated on in London by Mr Liston was not aware that his leg was removed until he was told so. A young lady had five teeth extracted without being sensible of the operation in the slightest degree. Tumours have been dissected out; the difficult, tedious, and painful operation of lithotomy has been successfully completed; and a number both of the capital and minor operations of surgery have been performed, with complete absence of pain, and without any unfavourable after-results. Nay, what is more marvellous still, and what we believe the inventors could have scarcely anticipated, the process has been adopted in the practice of midwifery—the first to try its efficacy in this department being Professor Simpson of Edinburgh, who has found it to succeed to admiration in relieving the patient from pain and consequent exhaustion, and this without obstructing in the least the ordinary efforts of nature. Such has been the prosperous commencement of the career of this new remedy—to which no man will deny one of the first places in the list of blessings bestowed by medical science upon mankind. Simple, obvious, free from all show of mystery—except so far as the physiological action of the ether is concerned—the discovery has, in the course of a few months, established itself in the faith of the public as thoroughly as the discoveries of Jenner, Harvey, and the other masters of medical science. It is true that different operators may meet with different success, according to the perfection of the apparatus employed, and the susceptibility of the patient; but this is no more than what attends the introduction of every new process—experience and certainty can only be acquired by an enlarged experience.

As the writer of this notice has undergone the etherial inebriation, and during that condition had two molar teeth removed, he can add his own personal experience to the entire credibility of the facts stated here. The sensations produced by the ether are extremely curious, if his own are a fair specimen of them, as it appears probable they are. A general thrill pervades the body to its very extremities at first, and there occur a series of, as it were, electric discharges in the brain—no better simile is at hand. These feelings give way to a dreamy state, in which external objects partly enter and partly appear excluded: to this follows an

utter forgetfulness of everything. The soul seems to have cast off its earthly clog, and to be wandering it knows not where: in a word, there is a complete loss of individuality, a feeling as if one were another person altogether. At this time the operation was performed—the first tooth being extracted without a trace of pain, though it appeared to disturb the lethargic state, so that a dull pain of a trifling nature accompanied the removal of the second. Shortly afterwards the writer awoke, discovering, to his complete amazement, two grim-looking teeth on the table at his side. No ill effects followed.

THE COUNT CONFALONIERI.

EVERY one who has read Silvio Pellico's affecting narrative of his imprisonment in Spielberg, the great state-prison of Austria, will recollect that one of his companions in misfortune was the Count Frederick Confalonieri or Gonfalonieri, as it is sometimes written. Pellico, blind, and otherwise injured in bodily health by his long confinement, still lives in northern Italy, but the newspapers have lately announced the death of his old friend Confalonieri.

Of the character of this now deceased victim of Austrian oppression, very different accounts are given, but all will allow that the penalty he paid for his errors was sufficiently severe. Some time ago, in speaking of his imprisonments and their effects, he gave in a few words the following impressive history:—

'I am an old man now; yet by fifteen years my soul is younger than my body! Fifteen years I existed, for I did not live—it was not life—in the self-same dungeon ten feet square! During six of those years I had a companion; during nine I was alone! I never could rightly distinguish the face of him who shared my captivity in the eternal twilight of our cell. The first year we talked incessantly together; we related our past lives, our joys for ever gone, over and over again. The next, we communicated to each other our thoughts and ideas on all subjects. The third year, we had no ideas to communicate; we were beginning to lose the power of reflection! The fourth, at the interval of a month or so, we would open our lips to ask each other if it were indeed possible that the world still went on as gay and bustling as when we formed a portion of mankind. The fifth, we were silent. The sixth, he was taken away, I never knew where, to execution or to liberty; but I was glad when he was gone; even solitude was better than the dim vision of that pale vacant face! After that I was alone, only one event broke in upon my nine years' vacancy. One day, it must have been a year or two after my companion left me, the dungeon door was opened, and a voice—whence proceeding I knew not—uttered these words: "By order of his imperial majesty, I intimate to you that your wife died a year ago." Then the door was shut, and I heard no more; they had but flung this great agony in upon me, and left me alone with it again.'

It is painful to think that the man who could speak thus should have died not without a stain on his memory—unmerited, for anything we know, and at this distance it is difficult to get at the truth. The following appears in the Parisian correspondence of the *Atlas* newspaper:—

'The death of Gonfalonieri, that former idol of our republican *salons*, has not created one single public expression of regret, nor given birth to a single "Ode to Liberty," or "Lament for the Brave," in any of the republican journals. He was among the few survivors of Spielberg tyranny. His history is a romance, not so much for his own adventures, as for the extraordinary affection and devotion he had inspired in his wife, who was one of the most lovely and accomplished women of her day. From the very hour of his arrest, which took place at a ball at Milan, she left him not, save to intercede with his persecutors. She spent her youth, her fortune, in her ceaseless endeavours to soften the hearts

of his enemies, and finally laid down life itself, worn out with her efforts, to save him from captivity and death. She followed, attired in her ball-dress, all through the night of horror which changed his existence from a powerful leader of a popular party to that of a miserable and neglected captive. She cared not for the cold nor the rain, which fell in torrents; but at each relay she descended from the carriage which conveyed her, to hover round that which contained her husband, heedless of the brutal jeers and rebuffs of the genéd'armes, who repulsed her with drawn sabres. At length, when, after some days' journey, they reached the gates of Spielberg, she fell upon her knees in supplication for one last word—one single word—before the dungeon closed upon him perhaps for ever. She was refused; and then she gave the cushion on which her head had rested during that long and weary journey into the hands of the least ferocious-looking of his guards, bidding him deliver it to the count, and tell him that she had been in the carriage which had followed his so closely; that it was her voice which he must have heard at each relay in wailing supplication and lament; and the pillow she now sent to him to rest his head upon was wet with tears shed for him alone. The guard took the pillow, and, with a cruel laugh at so much ingenuity wasted, cut it open before her face, fully expecting to find some important papers, some clue to a conspiracy, within. And Gonsalvionieri knew not for years that she had even thought of him once after he had left her side; nor that she had hovered, disguised in a peasant's dress, for months together, round the bleak hill of Spielberg; nor that, by the sacrifice of her fortune, she had at length obtained the promise of his liberty, and then died! What must have been his feelings when he learnt all this! What must have been his love, his gratitude, to her memory! And how did he prove it? you will say. Why, he married again! and has died, the victim of his avarice, at the foot of the Alps, overtaken by the cold, which neither his age nor his feeble health were made to encounter in the cheap conveyance which he had chosen. He has died enormously rich, his property not having been confiscated, but allowed to accumulate during his long imprisonment. He had outlived popularity, and leaves no regret behind; he had suffered his fellow-martyrs to languish in want, nor extended a kindly hand to aid them, in spite of his wealth; so that the utter silence of the patrians of his cause is but just, and conveys a strong impressive moral.

DWELLINGS OF THE WORKING-CLASSES.

On this subject we have on divers occasions spoken. Nothing should afford us greater pleasure than to hear of any rational plan, on fair commercial principles, being set on foot for providing houses of a neat and salubrious kind for the operative classes generally. Schemes have been projected for erecting whole villages out of London for workmen, the conveyance to and from town being at a cheap rate by railway. All such projects are visionary. We want to see no expulsion of working-men's families to what would soon be called Pariah villages. It is our belief that, without building houses at all, but only leasing old properties in town, and arranging them on an economical footing, pretty nearly all good ends would be served.

Among the best schemes yet brought into operation, in regard to erecting new houses, is that at Birkenhead, the rising town opposite Liverpool. Some time ago the 'Times' presented an account of the visit of Mr Chadwick and other gentlemen to the dwellings erected for the working-classes in this place, from which we gather the following particulars:—

'Without drawings or plans, it would be difficult to give an accurate conception of the improvements. The buildings are four-storied, of red brick, with light sandstone window-sills and copings. Their external aspect would suggest to a Londoner the idea of a block of buildings constructed for professional persons, for an inn or court of Chancery, and, with little addition and variation of ornament, they might match with the new hall of Lincoln's Inn. They

are, in fact, flats or sets of chambers, consisting of two sets on each floor. Each set consists of one living-room and two sleeping-rooms. The floors are of arched brick. The living-room is floored with a hard Welsh fire-brick tile; the sleeping-rooms are boarded. The staircases are of stone, with iron balustrades. The flat brick arches of which the floors are constructed are tied together with iron ties, and the whole building is fireproof.

'The most important points of improvement are, however, those in which some principles of the sanitary report, in respect to the means of cleansing and ventilation for the working-classes, are carried out. Each set of rooms is furnished with a constant supply of water, and also with sinks for washing, and a water-closet, and means of communication with a dust shaft from the whole set of chambers, by which all dust and ashes might be removed at once from the apartments without the necessity of the inmates leaving them. The party entered the rooms which were inhabited, and questioned the inmates as to their experience of them. One nursing mother, in a neat and well-kept set of rooms, attested to the superior conveniences of this arrangement, as a most important relief from the fatigue and exposure to the weather in a common town dwelling. She had now no occasion to leave her child alone whilst she went to a distance to fetch water; neither had she to keep dirty or waste water, or dirt or ashes in the room, until she could find time to carry them away. "She had now scarcely ever to go down stairs and leave her child." Each set of rooms was provided with one conduit for the ingress of fresh air, and another for the egress of vitiated air. Those examined were newly inhabited, but the immediate sanitary effect of the arrangements was perceptible to those who have visited such abodes in the entire absence of offensive effluvia or of "close smells." This observation was extended to the whole range of buildings. The sinks in each room were trapped with bell-traps, as were all the openings to the drains and the gully-shoots in the paved courts and thoroughfares. A constant supply of water was secured, the house-drains were well flushed with water, and cesspools were entirely abolished. This range of buildings is perhaps the first practical example of the entire removal of one chief source of physical depression and pestilence common to all the existing dwellings of the working-classes in towns.

'The price at which these objects were attained was the next topic of inquiry. The rents charged were from 3s. 6d. to 5s. each set, according to its position. But this included a constant supply of water, and the use of one gas-burner in each set of rooms, and all rates and taxes, and, moreover, two iron bedsteads, and a grate with an oven, and convenient fixtures. Some of the inmates admitted that they had paid as high a rent in Liverpool and other towns for no larger apartments of the common inferior construction, but without any of the conveniences and additions. The directors stated that they conceived there would be little value in an example which was not fairly remunerative to the capitalist, and that for this class of town dwellings, considering the trouble and attention they required, a less return than eight per cent. on the outlay would not suffice as an inducement to their construction; and this return they should make. Those who have lived in chambers in London, would admit that they had in the essentials very inferior accommodation for double and treble, and much higher rents. Each set of rooms was perfectly "self-contained," and the arched brick floors gave them advantages in respect to quiet which few sets of chambers possess.

'The impression produced by the inspection of these dwellings was evidently one of satisfaction. Mr Chadwick, whilst expressing his warm concurrence as to the advance made, stated his opinion that an additional room was required, and submitted that further improvements might yet be achieved, especially in the mode of warming and ventilation. The ventilation was at present with cold air, which all experiments showed the inmates would in winter try to stop, and succeed in doing so. The egress of vitiated air was to some degree dependent on the perception and care of the inmates. He considered that the ventilation must be self-acting, and that in such a range of buildings it might be accomplished with air that was warm as well as fresh, of which practical instances were in progress. Tubular chimneys of fire-brick, which had been in use in various places, with a much smaller bore, would "draw" better, and, with a careful disposition of fire-brick over the fire-grates, would give greater warmth with less fuel. He pointed to marks of damp on the stairs, opposite

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to the ornamental sandstone copings, as a defect incident to the use of so absorbent a material. The thickness of the walls diminished the damp or the expenditure of fuel to prevent it, from the use of so absorbent a material as the common brick. But by the use of a harder or machine-made brick, and by the construction of hollow walls, warmth or dryness might be obtained with a less expenditure of fuel. In all respects, however, they were far superior to the common dwellings erected by building societies. Wider thoroughfares, which would give more sunlight to the lower and interior dwellings, would be well purchased, in some instances, by an addition of rent for an addition of space. The quality of the water supplied must be deteriorated by its retention in the expensive tanks at the top of the building. This, however, was attributable to the common and pernicious system of intermittent supplies of water by the water companies, which the public health required should be abolished. The size of the chimneys, Mr Lang the architect pointed out, was due, with other errors, to ill-advised building regulations. The materials of construction were the best the district afforded. The directors also stated that their own experience had suggested to them further improvements in the details of construction.'

Column for Young People.

MARY'S PETS.

It was a bitter evening towards the end of January, when Farmer Wilson drew his arm-chair close to the clean-swept, blazing hearth, and seated his little daughter Mary on his knee, while his wife busied herself in preparing their savoury supper of bacon and eggs.

Farmer and Mrs Wilson were an honest, industrious couple, residing on a well-stocked farm in one of the midland counties of England. They had but two children: their son Edward, a fine active lad of fifteen, was already most useful to his father in the management of their land, and withal possessed a considerable share of book-learning, so that he could write a letter, and cast up an account, as well as the village schoolmaster. Better than all, he had a warm, affectionate heart, was obedient to his parents, and fondly attached to his little, gentle, blue-eyed sister Mary, who, though now arrived at the mature age of ten years, was still the pet and plaything of the family.

On the evening I have mentioned, they were all chatting happily together, the feeling of warmth and snug comfort being rather increased than diminished by the wild howling of the wind out of doors, and the pelting of sleet against the windows. Suddenly a low crying was heard outside, repeated at intervals.

'Hush!' said Edward; 'what is that?'

'Tis some poor animal perishing in the cold,' replied his father. 'Bring it in, my boy, and we will see.'

Edward lighted a lantern, and closing the door after him, went out. Having searched in vain for some time, he heard the sound repeated near his foot; and stooping, he picked up a miserable little kitten, covered with mud. He brought it into the house, saying, 'Look, father; this was the little animal you heard. I suppose it must have strayed from a distance, for it seems half-dead.'

'Ah, give it me, brother: poor little thing!' said Mary; and, regardless of the injury sustained by her nice white pinafore, in its contact with the soiled fur of the poor kitten, she carried it hastily towards the fire.

'Gently, Mary,' said her mother; 'let me wash it in warm water, and then you shall get it some milk.'

Mary ran for a saucer, while Mrs Wilson washed and dried the little animal. They then saw that it was a beautiful tortoiseshell kitten, about three months old. To Mary's great delight, it lapped the warm milk most eagerly, and soon seemed quite at home on the hearth.

'Ah, mother,' cried the little girl, 'may I keep it, and have it for my own cat? I'm sure it will be very good, and get very fond of me; for you know poor old Tibby, that died last month, used to purr when I called her, and arch her tail, and rub herself against my frock; and you know, since we lost her, we have been without a cat.'

'Thou mayst indeed, my lass,' replied her father, 'unless some one should come to claim the little thing—which, as it is so handsome a tortoise, may happen belike. But if not, we will keep it: it would be a sin to turn it out.'

Before Mary went to bed that night, she established her

cat, which she called Lily, in an open basket, lined with soft hay, at the side of the fireplace. The first thing she did in the morning was to visit the little stranger, and feed her with warm milk. Indeed at first little Mary felt inclined to spend the whole day in playing with her cat; but her mother reminded her that her book and her work should not be neglected. So Mary, like a good child, went after breakfast, and accomplished her lessons, and afterwards assisted her mother in various household duties, before she indulged herself in a game of play with Miss Lily.

Some weeks passed, and no one having come to claim the kitten, her little mistress began to regard her as entirely her own, and loved her better every day. Towards the end of February there was a heavy fall of snow, and for several days the ground was deeply covered. Edward found time to assist Mary in building a snow-house, which, as she said, 'looked like a real palace.' But its glories were short-lived; for the skilful architects soon destroyed their own work by a pitiless pelting of snow-balls.

One bitterly cold morning, as Mary was warming her frozen hands by the fire, preparatory to hemming a handkerchief for her brother, he came in, holding something carefully under his jacket.

'Look, Mary,' he said, 'what I found just now in the turnip-field.'

He took his hand from under his jacket, and displayed a thrush, apparently frozen to death. Its little claws were stiff, and its eyes closed; but its heart still throbbed, and by not bringing it near the fire, but gently chafing it with his hands, Edward soon succeeded in restoring it to life. He and Mary then fed it; and great was their joy to see the poor little thing hopping about the floor.

'It would be a pity,' he said, 'to keep it in a cage; but it can sleep in a corner of the hencoop, and I darsay it will soon get as tame and saucy as Miss Lily herself.' A sudden thought struck him. 'What shall we do, Mary,' he said, 'if your cat should take it into her head to eat the poor bird?'

'Ah, brother, I'm sure she wouldn't be so wicked; see how gentle she is, and she always has plenty to eat. Poor little Bobby! I'll call you Bobby—shall I, little bird?'

'For all that,' said Edward, 'if she were a little older, I would not trust to her kindness. You know 'tis the nature of cats to devour birds, and they do it whether hungry or not. However, she is so young, that I darsay we shall be able to teach her that she must keep the peace towards Master Bobby.'

By constant watching and admonition, they did indeed succeed in establishing a perfectly good understanding between the two favourites, so that no encounter of a hostile nature ever took place between them.

Two years passed on, and Mary's attachment to her pets was rather increased than diminished. Lily had grown a beautiful cat—deep orange shaded into fawn mingled with velvet-black and pure white on her glossy coat; her whiskers would put to shame those of any German count; and her sharp polished claws, ever ready to exterminate her natural enemies—the rats and mice—were always most carefully drawn in, and covered with their furry sheath, before she ventured to bestow a playful pat on Master Bob. His appearance was also greatly improved: surely never thrush had a more beautifully-speckled breast, or warbled a more melodious song, at least in the opinion of his young mistress.

He was never confined in a cage, but spent his time in hopping about the house and yard, and playing with his friend Lily. It was quite curious to see them together; the timidity of the bird and the ferocity of the cat being completely overcome. They would eat off the same plate, and Bobby's favourite resting-place during the day was on Pussy's back, as she lay before the fire, stretched in luxurious comfort. At night, he constantly reposed in a corner of her warm basket, while she would purr, and seem quite pleased to have her little friend so near.

One fine morning in July, Mrs Wilson and the maid went out to milk the cows, leaving no one in the house but Mary, who was busily employed in finishing a shirt for her brother. Miss Lily had gone off on her own device, so the little girl's sole companion was Master Bobby, who was as busy as his mistress, picking up some crumbs which she had scattered for him on the floor.

'You must give me a song, little birdie,' said Mary, 'as soon as you have finished your breakfast; and then you

shall perch on my shoulder, and we will go out to the hay-field to see what Edward is doing.'

While she was speaking, Lily ran into the house, not with her usual gliding motion and well-pleased 'fair round face,' but with raised back, thickened tail, and fiercely-gleaming eyes. She darted at poor Bobby, seized him in her mouth, and in a moment climbed to the top of a very high dresser that stood at one end of the kitchen. Mary gave a cry of horror, and was running instinctively to look for a long stick with which to dislodge her, when she was checked by the sudden entrance of another cat, a stranger, and a large ugly animal, which ran about the house smelling the ground, and mewing in a most disagreeable manner. Mary took the sweeping-brush, and soon succeeded in turning out the intruder, and shutting the door. Hardly did she dare to raise her eyes to look at her now hated cat, whose jaws she expected to see covered with the blood of her hapless bird. What was then her delighted astonishment to see Lily come cautiously down from her elevated position, and opening her mouth, lay Bobby on the floor. Mary ran to take him up, and perceived that, although frightened, and his feathers a little ruffled, he was perfectly uninjured. Then she knew the truth. The sagacious cat seeing the approach of her strange sister, and knowing well that she would have no mercy on Bob, had rushed in just in time to save him. She had caught him by the wings, and held them over his back in such a way as not to hurt him; and now she purred and waved her tail, and seemed quite ready to receive the joyous thanks and caresses of her mistress. What a wonderful tale had Mary to tell her friends that day when they came in; and we can almost agree in its rapturous conclusion. 'Indeed, father, I'm quite sure there never was such a cat in the whole world as Lily, nor such a bird as Bobby.'

I wish my young readers could have seen the saucer of rich sweet cream with which Miss Pussy was regaled that evening: I am certain they would have thought she deserved it well.

HISTORY OF PANTALOONS.

There is a tradition in Corsica, that when St Pantaleon was beheaded, the executioner's sword was converted into a wax taper, and the weapons of all his attendants into snuffers, and that the head rose from the block and sung. In honour of this miracle, the Corsicans, as late as the year 1775, used to have their swords consecrated, or charmed, by laying them on the altar while a mass was performed to St Pantaleon. But what have I, who am writing in January instead of July, and who am no Papist, and who have the happiness of living in a Protestant country, and was baptised, moreover, by a right old English name—what have I to do with St Pantaleon? Simply this: My new pantaloons are just come home, and that they derive their name from the aforesaid saint, is as certain as that it was high time I should have a new pair. St Pantaleon, though the tutelary saint of Oporto (which city boasteth of his relics), was in more especial fashion at Venice; and so many of the grave Venetians were in consequence named after him, that the other Italians called them generally Pantaloni in derision, as an Irishman is called Pat, and as Sawney is with us synonymous for a Scotchman, or Taffy for a son of Cadwallader and votary of St David and his leek. Now the Venetians wore long small-clothes; these, as being the national dress, were called Pantaloni also; and when the trunkhose of Elizabeth's days went out of fashion, we received them from France with the name of pantaloons. Pantaloons, then, as of Venetian and magnifico parentage, and under the patronage of an eminent saint, are doubtless an honourable garb. They are also of honourable extraction, being clearly of the Braccæ family; for it is this part of our dress by which we are more particularly distinguished from the Oriental and inferior nations, and also from the abominable Romans, whom our ancestors—Heaven be praised!—subdued. Under the miserable reign of Honorius and Arcadius, these lords of the world thought proper to expel the Braccarii, or breeches-makers, from their capitals, and to prohibit the use of this garment, thinking it a thing unworthy that the Romans should wear the habit of barbarians; and truly it was not fit that so effeminate a race should wear the breeches. The pantaloons are of this good Gothic family. The fashion having been disused for more than a century, was reintroduced some five-and-twenty years ago.—*Posthumous volume of Southey's 'Doctor.'*

STANZAS.

There's not a bird that charms the air,
There's not a flower that scents the gale,
There's not a bee that wanders where
The wild-rose gems the vale;
But each has some secluded shrine,
The leafy tree, or fragrant fold
Of blossoms, that in clusters shine
Its happy guest to hold.
There's not a heart whose pulses tell
How calm or wild the wish within,
But there is yet some secret cell
No stranger eye can win.
There records sweet of banished hours,
And tristful pangs of hope deferred,
As light and shade upon the flowers
Are felt, but never heard.
For many a sigh, and many a tear,
And many a grief are buried there,
While love's pale image lingers near,
The picture of despair.

—RUFUS DAWES.

THE FIRST STRIKING CLOCK.

In the time of Alfred the Great, the Persians imported into Europe a machine which presented the first rudiments of a striking clock. It was brought as a present to Charlemagne from Abdallah, king of Persia, by two monks of Jerusalem, in the year 800. Among other presents, says Eginhart, was a horologe of brass, wonderfully constructed by some mechanical artifice, in which the course of the twelve hours *ad clepsidram verbeatur*, with as many little brazen balls, which, at the close of each hour, dropped down on a sort of bells underneath, and sounded the end of the hour. There were also twelve figures of horsemen, who, when the twelve hours were completed, issued out at twelve windows, which till then stood open, and returning again, shut the windows after them. It is to be remembered that Eginhart was an eye-witness of what is here described; and that he was an abbot, a skilful architect, and very learned in the sciences.—*Warton's Dissertation on the Introduction of Learning in England.*

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

I never yet found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. Of all trees, I observe that God hath chosen the vine—a low plant, that creeps upon the helpful wall; of all beasts, the soft and patient lamb; of all fowls, the mild and guileless dove. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar, nor the sturdy oak, nor the spreading plane, but in a bush—a humble, slender, abject bush. As if He would, by these elections, check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing procureth love like humility; nothing hate like pride.—*Felham's Resolves.*

W. AND R. CHAMBERS

Have just added a small work to their Educational Course, entitled the PRIMER ATLAS. It consists of quarto maps of the Hemisphere, Europe, the British Islands, Asia, Palestine, Africa, North America, and South America, coloured in outline, and done up in a strong cloth cover. As the object of the publishers has been to give a humble class of scholars the means of acquiring a useful amount of geographical knowledge, this Atlas has been issued at the barely remunerative price of Half-a-crown. The Geographical Primer, formerly published, price 8d., will serve as a companion to this Atlas.

The second volume of the Select Writings of Robert Chambers, post 8vo., boards, with vignette title, is now published, price 4s.

As the stock of odd numbers of the INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE is now nearly exhausted, W. and R. Chambers beg to intimate, that they cannot insure a supply of any separate numbers of that work after the last of May; and would therefore recommend early application by those who wish to complete their sets. The work will always remain on sale, complete in 2 vols. 8vo., boards, price 16s.

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